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"DO YOU KNOW, SOME OF THOSE DOUGHNUTS I MADE YESTERDAY ARE MISSING."
 "DON'T BE ALARMED, DEAR. I TOOK THEM DOWN TOWN TO A FRIEND OF MINE."
 "DID HE EAT THEM?"
 "HEAVENS, NO! HE IS A GEOLOGIST,"



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"MY HUSBAND SAYS THAT ANY BILL YOU ENGINEER IS BOUND TO PASS, SO I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOUR SERVICES TOWARD GETTING HIM TO PAY THAT MILLINER'S BILL."

LITERATURE.

THE thoughts, the fancies and the dreams of men have nearly all been enshrined in literature. The work of writers is almost done, and, if they but knew it, the present race of literary men could knock off much earlier in the afternoon than they seem to suppose.

This is a matter of some moment in economics. If, in the spring, our writers could perceive how complete is our supply of vernal verse, they might be content to occupy themselves in planting the garden and clearing up the lawn. They would see that a plain bonfire in the back-yard could be engineered by them more successfully than a beacon-fire on the hills of song for which the materials were long since exhausted.

If the true status of things were understood our literary giants would see themselves justified in assisting their patient wives, who now undertake the prosaic cares of the household under the erroneous impression that the presence of their husbands is indispensably required on the heights of Olympus.

Often of a winter evening the poet and father feels obliged to remark sternly: "Now, see here, I must have some sort of quiet while I finish this original poem;" whereas if he saw that his original poem were already written in excellent style, he would gladly throw his refined but redundant pen aside,

and join his happy wife and enfranchised children in a merry bout at casino with mirth and song; and instead of sitting till late in the night, silent and alone, writing above a mortal pitch, and grasping at lofty but mocking thoughts, he would wind up the evening with his convivial family enjoying the simple but unelusive delights of a box of crackers and some bottles of beer.

With mistaken notions as to the arrears in the world's literary work, many men now go to the city so that in their writing they may enjoy the stimulus of rivalry with other literary men; but there is more need of potatoes than poetry, and to aid in the really needed work of the world these men should move on to a large farm where, in harvesting alfalfa and golden grains they could enjoy the stimulus of rivalry in trying to "bush" the hired man.

Williston Fish.

IT is better to risk the fire than to stay in the frying-pan.



A SWELL GET-UP.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

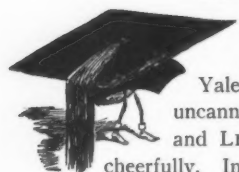
VOL. XXVI. OCTOBER 24, 1895. No. 669.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*



AS a consequence of the desire of Yale that Harvard should apologize for something that Harvard's Dr. Billy Brooks said about the football methods of Yale's Captain Hinkey, and of Harvard's coy disinclination to apologize for anybody or anything, it is announced that all athletic relations between Yale and Harvard have been suspended and will not be resumed until after the expiration of some period, the limits of which are not yet ascertained. Some of the Harvard men think that the hiatus will last until all the Hinkeys and Judge Henry E. Howland have been graduated from Yale. Yale men say little. It is small loss of glory for Harvard not to play with Yale, but it means a considerable loss of victories for Yale if she does not play with Harvard. However, she abides by the conviction of her adult advisers as to the need that Harvard should apologize and accepts the consequences with a proper serenity.



HERE is beyond doubt a solemn state of affairs. There will be no Yale-Harvard football game this fall; no Yale-Harvard race next June; no Yale-Harvard baseball games; no Yale-Harvard anything. It will be odd and uncanny, but it will be so. We must all bear it, and LIFE, for its part, is disposed to bear it cheerfully. In LIFE's opinion it won't hurt Yale and Harvard a particle to stay apart until they learn to play together peaceably. Sport in these big universities has come to be taken with incredible seriousness. Men don't play at it; they slave and plot and fight at it. Any combination of circumstances that promises to mitigate the extreme ardor of athletic competition between Harvard and Yale, though perhaps lamentable in itself, seems not without its prospect of compensations.

IT is worth remarking that the Harvard overseers have suggested to the Harvard faculty the expediency of

contriving some way to make honors won by scholarships more conspicuously distinguished than at present. Evidently the overseers want the successful scholars to share the emoluments which now go to the successful athletes. The desire is natural enough, but its fulfillment is difficult. The faculty might authorize certain grades of "honor men," to wear ostrich feathers in their hats, but it could not very well compel them to do it.

The reason the athlete gets so much more applause than the scholar is that in these days of muscular activity the athlete entertains the populace while the scholar usually bores it. Where the scholar is supposed to get ahead is in the fact that his exercises give him power, while the athlete's exercises merely give him muscle. That may or may not be true, but at least it ought to be true that the scholar's effort is its own reward, and pays him well whether it brings him in notoriety or not.



IT was indelicate of Lord Sackville to bring back to public remembrance the incident of his dismissal from Washington. He deserved to be dismissed for his impudence, but no one who was implicated in the business of discharging him got any credit out of it, or ever can. Even the victim was injured by it.

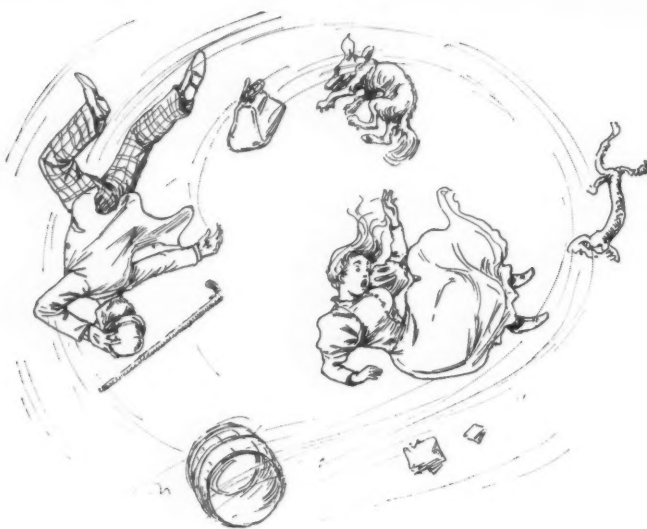
Let us be thankful as Americans that the Home Rule agitation is over for the time, and that the Irish vote is not in this country so boisterous a political factor as it was.

OUR venerable friend, Bishop Coxe, has been telling his brethren at Minneapolis that "shameless nudity in bathing and semi-nudity in evening attire, with lascivious dances long banished by Christian decorum from social life, are flagrantly characteristic of American manners."

Golly! Where has our great and good friend been spending the summer? Not in Buffalo surely. Folks don't go naked in Buffalo, at least not those who aspire to respectability. LIFE suspects that Bishop Coxe has got his impressions of American manners from certain picture papers which are published in considerable numbers for the edification and instruction of the farmers and the reverend clergy and the delectation of the vulgar and unrighteous. Bishop Coxe may take LIFE's word for it that the representations of these papers are misleading and not to be trusted. The women whose pictures he sees in them are not ladies of standing, but persons who are no better than they should be and don't care who knows it. If Bishop Coxe will stick to LIFE and avoid all the other picture papers, the information he gets about social practices will be straight, and he can safely bet on it.



"IS SHE THE DAUGHTER OF A HUNDRED EARLS?"
"NO, BUT SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS."



A SOCIAL EPISODE IN THE CYCLONE REGION.

OVERHEARD ON THE PORTAGE.

SCENE: *The Shores of Bass Lake at the end of the trail from Island Camp—Twilight.*

HE (*holding up a string of bass*): This is the end of summer for us—the last fish, the last sunset without tin roofs in the foreground, the last talk with you before you put on your Paris gowns. That is a regular October sky—little lakes of clear green, where the afterglow has not quite faded out.

SHE (*sitting on the gunwale of a canoe*): I don't want to start back over the portage to the camp. When we get there everybody will be packing up to go away. Then I shall know that it is ended.

HE: That is why we have enjoyed this primitive way of life—we knew it was transitory. A year of it would be stupid.

SHE (*flaring up*): A year of it would be heavenly! No conventionalities except good feeling and good taste—no shams, no duties, no responsibilities. I love it, and I don't want to end it.

HE: We are far away from New England when one of her granddaughters rejoices in having no duties and no responsibilities. It was not so many moons ago that a certain young woman lectured a young man on his idle way of life.

SHE (*hedging*): Oh, well. That was in town.

HE: And town is the flower of civilization!

SHE: Yes, a hot-house flower. But I love all this. (*Waving her hand.*) I love the wild flower best.

HE (*cynically*): What you really love is a change of scene—new air, new landscape, new

men to flirt with. (*Bowing.*) I am happy to be a part of this crude landscape, at your service. In town I am superfluous.

SHE (*looking at him through her fists*): You do compose better with this. You know you are big and angular and awkward—but you are not out of key with a Norway pine, because you are very straight and brown. (*Critically.*) Oh, yes. You do very well here.

HE: But in town —

SHE: We don't allow forest trees to grow on the Avenue.

HE: And next month, instead of your asking—yes, really begging to be permitted to row me while I fished, I shall be standing humbly in a white-and-gold reception room, and hearing, "Miss Eleanor's not at 'ome today, sir"—and so it will be nine times out of ten all winter!

SHE: I suppose so. You don't compose well with Empire furniture. When you sit on a gilt chair I expect to see it shrivel into kindling-wood. A good hickory stump is more in your style.

HE (*gloomily*): Yes, you are right about that. You can't get away from heredity. I ought to be working in a logging camp as my forebears did, instead of owning a dozen camps and a whole county. I'm made for it. See! (*Sinking an axe-head into a pine with a one-hand stroke.*)

SHE (*with ecstasy*): What a pose, my boy! You are a picture when you do that.

HE (*with more gloom*): But I can't carry an axe and a saw-log up the Avenue every time I call to see you. That seems to be my only chance of pleasing your fastidious taste.

SHE: Don't spoil the last evening in camp

by quarreling. We've had such a good time together. I've rowed you up and down this lake till my arms ached. I've let you swear when your hook caught in the lily-pads; I've let you smoke the blackest pipe and nastiest tobacco that ever was; yes, and I even greased your boots one night when the guides forgot and you had gone to bed tired out. (*Petulantly.*) I did, I did. I've played chums with you, and never asked for quarter on bad trails because I was a woman. And now you are growling about town and all that sort of thing!

HE (*with emphasis*): It's just because you've been all that and more, too, that I am growling. I don't want it to end. But you are telling me every minute that this is the last of it. When the camp fire goes out to-night, you—you vanish with the smoke. To-morrow the Day Express carries back to town a woman of fashion, and an awkward, idle man on whom she frowns.

SHE (*listening*): Come, don't you hear them blowing the moose-call to summon us to supper? The stars are blotted out and the portage will be dark. I heard wolves last night on Manitou Point, and I saw bear tracks to-day on this very trail. (*Catching him by the arm.*) Come, my big woodsman. Your arm is like steel springs—and I don't care for wolves, or bears, or anything. I suppose it's the same arm when it's under a dress-coat sleeve, and I've half a mind to lean on it—well, beyond the portage, beyond Island Camp, beyond—

HE: The stars, and forever!

(*Away off the moose-call—Fo-o-o-l.*)

Droch.



HIPS AND HAWS.

RED, brown, russet and gold for the green,
The swallow a south-bound rover,
Hips on the brier where the rose hath been—
Ah, me, but summer's over!
Scarlet haws on the bough that hath borne
The grace of the May's white blooming;
Hips on the brier and haws on the thorn—
Ah, me, but winter's coming!

Marguerite Merington.

MEN YOU MEET.

THE MAN YOUR SON KNOWS.



YOU find him at the table some night when you go down to dinner, and your son introduces him to you as "So-and-so, number four in our boat," or "the man that won the hundred yards at New Haven, you know." You really don't know, but you smile politely and shake hands, and secretly wonder what to say.

You presently find, however, that it is not necessary to say anything, as your son and his friend are quite capable of carrying on the conversation, feebly aided by your wife and daughter. So you attend to your dinner, strive to smile in the right places, and fall to speculating on the benefit derived from a college education at the present day.

By the time the coffee is reached you are in possession of the following interesting facts gathered from the conversation about you, to wit: That Johnson is sure of the hammer throw if Caswell doesn't enter; that Brown's ankle is con-

siderably better and that he will be fit for the Princeton game; that Goulding, '98, will probably take Green's place in the Sophomore boat; that the expelling of Peters was an act of gross injustice, since the soda syphon didn't really strike the proctor owing to the unsteadiness of Peters's aim; that English 6 is a beastly grind and that Professor Trotter is an old ass.

After the ladies have left the table several things occur: for instance, you laugh heartily at a story told by your son's friend; you receive an application from your son for a check of two hundred dollars to meet the class crew assessments, which amount, upon recommendation of his friend, you promise to give him in the morning; and you end by drinking a glass of wine to the toast: "Here's to our boat, may she win by a mile!" Later, your son's friend beats you at billiards by thirty points in a game of one hundred; and does it so nicely that somehow you don't mind at all.

During the remainder of the college year you hear of The Man Your Son Knows variously as having "saved the day at Berkeley," been arrested by the city authorities for breaking windows, secured the College Tennis Championship, been spoken of for class president, lost five hundred on the Harvard game "like a little man" and failed at his "exams" with equal equanimity. And remembering his big broad shoulders, curling brown hair, fearless laughing eyes and sunburnt, honest face; and recollecting your own college days you feel most improperly lenient toward his numerous shortcomings and say to yourself,

"I mustn't forget to tell Bob to ask him down for a week or two in August."

Richard Stillman Powell.

SPENCER: I think, before going abroad, I'll take my meals at a French table d'hôte for a while.

FERGUSON: To learn to speak French?

SPENCER: No. To learn to eat French.

A PROFESSIONAL EXCHANGE.

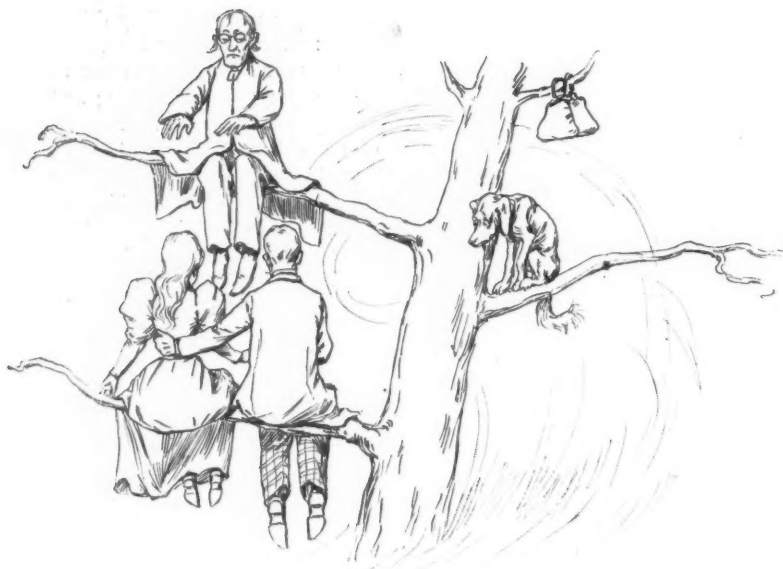
A DOCTOR who occasionally walked in crooked paths and never went to church, was called to see a pious and orthodox old clergyman who had been taken suddenly ill.

"Am I going to die, doctor?" asked the parson.

"Well, I guess not this time," said the doctor. "We'll make a bargain—you keep me out of hell and I'll keep you out of Heaven!"

"THAT whisky is fifteen years old. I know it because I've had it that long myself."

THE COLONEL: By jove! sir, you must be a man of phenomenal self-control.



ON THE SURFACE.



MAX NORDAU picked out the right man to dedicate "Degeneration" to. Otherwise Professor L'Ombroso's review in the current *Century* might have contained some Tabasco for Max.

NEW YORK'S saloon-keepers are quite ready to believe that "Every day will be Sunday over there," but they want to know which way Commissioner Roosevelt is going before they make a final selection of a future abode.

IN its anxiety to change its name the Protestant Episcopal Church reminds one of certain elderly maiden ladies.

THE new justices are strict indeed. Last week an up-town clubman was reprimanded for dekovening another member's umbrella.

THE drug trade reports a decrease in the demand for emetics. Close observers trace this fact to the columns of gush and twaddle printed by the daily press about the Marlborough-Vanderbilt affair.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,187 57
Second additional to the Westchester Annual Subscription.....	73 70
	\$5,261 27



A BALTIMO' BELL.



"DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY, JOHN, THAT THE TENOR MARRIED THE CONTRALTO?"

"YES. THE CHOIR WAS TO BE DISBANDED AND THAT WAS THEIR ONLY MEANS OF CONTINUING THEIR QUARREL."

THE BARBER'S DREAM.

THE shop was dull ; 'twas a sultry day
And not a customer came that way ;
And the barber's eyelids softly closed
And a vision came as he gently dozed,
Of a man who wanted a shave, shampoo
And hair-cut—used hair-tonic, too !—
A wonderful man who wanted a drop
Out of every bottle in the shop.

A man who wanted *all* the news,
And made the barber express his views
On countless topics of widest range ;
And last, not least, didn't want his change.

W. M.



THE AMERICAN JUGGERNAUT

LIE ·



RICAN JUGGERNAUT.



OUR ENGLISH CATERERS.

THE British public has paresis. "His Excellency" proves it. And yet where there is only circumstantial evidence, it is well to go slow. There is one theory which may possibly save the English from this sweeping judgment. We people, here in New York, know how performances which we won't patronize ourselves are often kept on the stages of New York theatres at large financial loss, for the sake of the effect that a New York "long run" has on the public of Kansas City and the credulous ones in Chicago and Philadelphia. In the same way "His Excellency" came to New York heralded as having had a "long run" in London. The easy people in New York fell into the trap beautifully, and tacking the London bunco proposition on to the absurd craze for "first night" performances, packed the large and inacoustic Broadway Theatre with an audience, which although made up of the injudicious and the credulous, nevertheless had enough taste not to enjoy "His Excellency."

Leaving the managerial tactics entirely one side, and taking "His Excellency" on its merits and demerits, the less said about it the better. But there are those who might accuse LIFE of rendering purely *ex cathedra* judgments, and to meet them it is necessary to make something of an argument. First off, the music is either imitated or stolen. Evidently the composer tried simply to understudy the earlier efforts of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. W. S. Gilbert evidently tried simply to understudy the earlier efforts of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. The former succeeded in a purely imitative way, and the latter made a woful failure in every way. There are scarcely two laughs in the book, and in the score the numbers which possess any merit at all are simply imitations of Sir Arthur's well-known melodies. Of harmony there is none that approaches anything in the original models.

The costumes are brilliant to the last degree and well designed. The company is trained to its full abilities, but the abilities have no material to work with. Miss Nancy McIntosh shows considerable ability in dealing with stuff which furnishes a poor test for anyone's powers. Her voice is agreeable and her stage presence graceful. Miss Ellaline Terriss has already made a favorable impression in this country, which her performance under the present unfavorable conditions fully sustains. Miss Mabel Love is an English importation rather pretty and rather graceful.

If New York should patronize "His Excellency," the statement in our first paragraph would be reversed. The paresis would be in the other cerebellum.



THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS.

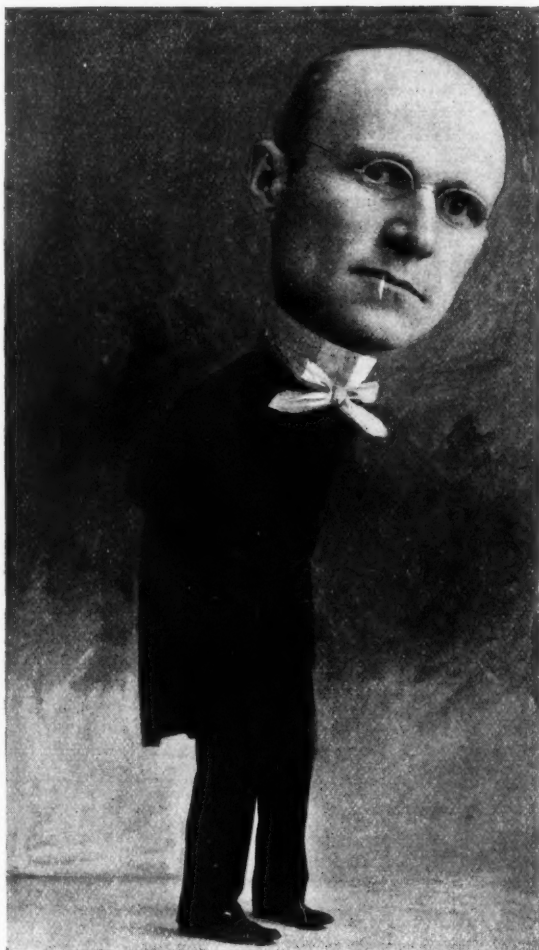
WILLIE NYE

"PLAYING HOOKEY" FROM SUNDAY SCHOOL.
TAKEN WHEN SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

BARRING the humorous passages in the latter, the music of "Haensel and Gretel" bears considerable resemblance to the lovely accompaniment to "L'Enfant Prodigue." Owing to its German origin it is, of course, heavier, but in descriptive quality more closely resembles the French production than operatic music usually does. With the company that Sir Augustus Harris has imposed on America, the auditor would really be better off with the book and orchestra, unfettered by bad voices. In judging the American standard, Sir Augustus must have been misled by the advice of the wrong kind of American managers. We feel quite sure that if he had been guided by Mr. Augustin Daly, he would have given us a performance better suited to that manager's theatre.

All the honors of the production go to the German composer, Humperdinck, and to Herr Seidl and his admirably conducted orchestra. There are none for Sir Augustus Harris.

Metcalf.



EDGAR WILSON NYE.

THE DISTINGUISHED HUMORIST. TAKEN UNAWARES IN 1894.

THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS. XVIII.

EDGAR WILSON NYE.

TO write even a solemn notice of this well-known humorist without some allusion to bald-heads and hair-tonics, is almost as difficult as to describe St. Peter's at Rome without mentioning its dome. This is particularly true, as the existence of Mr. Nye's head in its present condition is largely to his credit. He has refused many and remunerative offers to have it gilded and used for advertising purposes.

Contemporary history is strangely silent concerning the time and place of Mr. Nye's birth. So far as history knows he might have come into this world a dancing sunbeam or the reflection of a twinkling star. Perhaps in centuries to come he will be the cause of a similar competition to that which exists now over the birthplace of Homer. Mr. Nye owes it to a suffering posterity to tell us when and where it was, and whether he had as much hair then as at present.

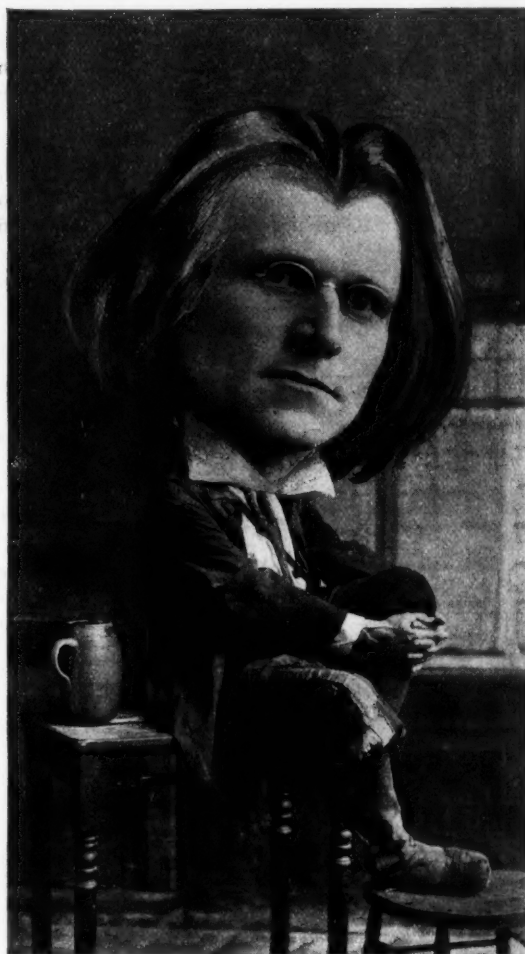
His early training occurred in the West, and his next brought him over the plains to New York. New York pays the highest price per acre for original humor, and Mr. Nye being long of that commodity wisely brought it to the best market. The result of some years conscientious effort in the humor field is that Mr. Nye owns several

palaces on Staten Island, smokes real cigars and averages three meals a day.

We understand that his next literary production will be published in six quarto volumes, and will be entitled "The History of the Antediluvian Joke."

THE unfriendliness between General Schofield and Major Armes seems to have attained the dimensions of a row elegant enough to furnish both of these gallant officers with occupation during the whole remaining period of their retirement. General Schofield's exploit of putting the Major under arrest cannot at this stage of the proceedings be called a successful manœuvre. LIFE congratulates both gentlemen on the considerable share of public attention that their acrimonies have won.

IT is a curious fact that, with all their money, New York's wealthy people do not seem to be possessed of dollars and sense.



BILL NYE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EARLY THIS MORNING.



I WAS strolling about in Madison Square with an artist when we ran across such a ragged and woebegone specimen of the vag that it was suggested that we secure his picture. It was left to me to approach him on the subject, and I asked:

"My friend, do you want to make a quarter in about ten minutes?"

"As to how?" he replied.

"The artist here wants to make a sketch of you. Sit still for ten minutes and I'll give you a quarter."

"What do you take me for?" exclaimed the man as he rose up. "D'you think because I'm hard up that I hain't no sense left?"

"What's the matter with you? We simply want to make a sketch!"

"I know it, and that's what I kick on. You make a sketch. It gits into the papers and then into the hands of the police. By and by my ambition incites me to rob a bank or pick up some other good thing, and there is my picture to trip me up and lay me by the heels! No, sir—not much! I'm ragged and hungry and dead broke, but I'm no chump to sell myself for a quarter of a dollar!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A TRIO were sitting on the post-office guard rails last night telling stories. One of them related this: "I know of a fellow who had spent a very quiet life in the country and had never been to the city. Coming into a little money, he suddenly developed a desire to be a sport, and immediately departed for the city. It was his habit after arriving to lounge around the corners in the central part of the city, and he naturally heard the gilded youth talking about the amount of money they spent.

"Say, I had a great dinner last night," he heard one say, "and it cost me twenty dollars."

"Many other remarks like this he heard, and the rustic sport decided to get into the swim too. He made up his mind at once to get an expensive dinner, not realizing that the most of the money spent by the boasters he had overheard had been for wine. Walking into a swell restaurant, he called the waiter over. 'Say, look here,' said he, 'I want an expensive dinner like the rest of the bloods. Bring me twenty dollars worth of ham and eggs.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

AN excited individual climbed three flights of stairs in great leaps and yelled:

"Where's the editor?"

Nobody owned to the distinction.

"Show me the editor," he demanded, shaking a paper in his hand at arm's length.

"He's in there!" piped an indiscreet office boy who had been hired to answer the telephone.

The man with a grievance bolted into the room designated without knocking. He shoved the paper under the editor's nose, and, pointing to a marked portion, exclaimed:

"Read that!"

The editor read, "Mrs. R.——"

"That's my wife," interrupted the angry visitor.

"Mrs. R.," continued the editor, "gave a violet luncheon to her friends yesterday."

"What's the matter with that?" asked the editor.

"What's the matter? Look at that!" And he indicated the word.

The editor, with sinking heart, read "violet luncheon."—*Indianapolis News.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS

MISS DEVEREUX OF THE MARIQUITA. By Richard Henry Savage. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

From Dreamland Sent. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Horseman's Word. By Neil Roy. London and New York.

The Marriage Contract. By Honoré de Balzac. Translation by Katharine Prescott Wormley. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Red Rowans. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. New York and London: Macmillan & Company.

Other Times and Other Seasons. By Laurence Hutton. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Against Human Nature. By Maria Louise Pool. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Where Highways Cross. By J. S. Fletcher. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

Wild Rose. By Francis Francis. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

The Wonderful Visit. By H. G. Wells. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

The Nimble Dollar. By Charles Miner Thompson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

All Men are Liars. By Joseph Hocking. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

My Sister Henrietta. By Ernest Renan. Translation by Abby L. Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Dog Stories. New York: Macmillan and Company.

The Delectable Duck. By "Q." New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

Oxford and Her Colleges. By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

A COUNTRY paper declares that "Mr. Johnson, a farmer of our village, on returning to his house the other day found in his ground floor bedroom, the door of which had been left open, a cow, probably astray." The conjecture expressed in the last two words may be set down as, on the whole, a fair one.—*Exchange.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, Agents.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Seabach's News Exchange, 11, Cavourstrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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No other soap is found in so many homes.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

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Alaska Seal Box Coat, Ripple Back, \$175.00.

CAPE.

Genuine Seal, 30 inches long, 135 sweep, London dye, \$145.00.

Electric Seal, double cape, Persian yoke, 18 inches long, \$37.50.

Electric Seal, with Persian yoke, \$32.50.

Electric Seal, 24 inches long, full sweep, \$35.00.

Electric Seal, 13 inches long, \$17.50.

Astrachan, 10 inches long, full sweep, \$13.50.

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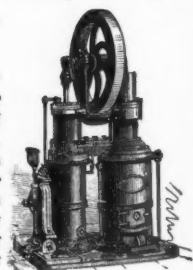
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THE LATTER END of a contract is vastly more important than the front end.

Five dollars saved on a premium is a trifle; five thousand dollars lost by bad security when the claim falls due is not a trifle.

Always try to find out which is likely to live longest, you or the company you insure in; and therefore whether the company is insuring you or you are insuring the company.

A thing you can't get after you have paid for it isn't cheap at half a cent.

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is the Oldest Accident Company in America, the Largest in the World, and has never reorganized or frozen out any of its claimants.

Rates as low as will give permanent security of receiving the face value of the policy.

Policies world-wide, and as liberal as consistent with the Company's keeping alive to pay claims at all.

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\$2,151,000 in 1894.

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RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.

"So, old chappie, I hear you have got an invite to the alderman's? I suppose you are aware he has ten lovely daughters?"

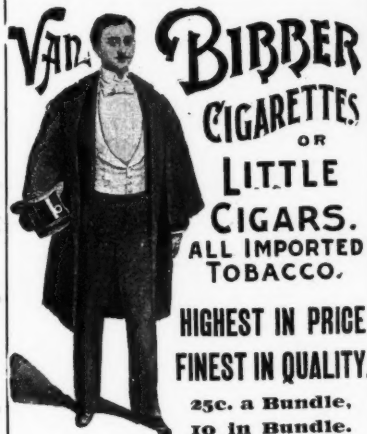
"Jupiter! How is a fellow to know his way about?"

"You'd better ask for a catalogue."—*Ex.*

"THAT sour old fellow, Grampus, has a job that just suits him."

"What's that?"

"He's station master where fifty trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."—*Chicago Record.*

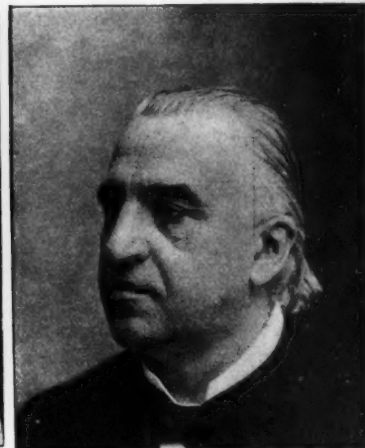


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Possesses a fine voice and cultivated manners. Would like to sing in grand opera. Will marry desirable gentleman of easy disposition, who is musical and wealthy. Not particular as to age.



Retired missionary, with no income, but has a large heart, and would bestow unbounded affection on the right sort of wife. Would prefer a widow with ample means and no children.

SCHEDULE OF RATES.

For Candidates under 30 years of age,	-	-	-	-	\$50.00	Payable at Nuptials.
" " between 30 and 45,	-	-	-	-	60.00	
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A preliminary deposit of \$25 to be made in all cases.

Address all communications to HALCYON MATRIMONIAL CO., 21 West 31st St., N. Y.



"GIAFAR!"

"Yes, sire," responded the grand vizier, with a most humble salaam.

"I sentenced a number of malefactors to death yesterday, did I not?"

"Allah's most glorious representative on earth was pleased to order the extermination of two and twenty Christian dogs—yes, sire," murmurs Giafar, with another waist movement salaam.

"And have my orders and the Christian dogs been executed?" queried the caliph.

"Alas, sire, the public executioner lies at the point of death."

"Now, by the beard of the prophet," testily observed the caliph, "the public executioner is developing symptoms of pantataism. It is the public executioner's duty to stand at the point of death, not to lie. Bid him bring his scimeter and report for duty forthwith in the courtyard."

"Alas, sire, Mohammed's most worthy understudy does not grasp his servant's meaning. The public executioner groans in weariness of spirit and lies ill unto death. Already at the office of The Mussulman's Delight his obituary stands prepared upon the galleys."

"Giafar, did our serene mightiness understand you to say two and twenty Christian dogs await death?"

"Two and twenty, commander of the faithful."

"Let them be assembled in the courtyard at once, and—stay, Giafar!"

"Yes, sire."

"Bid the court barbers assemble and shave the heads of the condemned."

"The child of the prophet speaks, and his servants obey."

"This being done, Giafar, you will separate this band of Christian dogs into two sections, consisting of 11 men in each. Give them a copy of the Rugby rules, with the latest approved American college homicidal amendments, and bid them play football to a finish."

"Justice and equity lie ever in the heart of Mohammed's favorite son," said Giafar, with a shudder.

"See that the gates are securely locked, Giafar, and leave these dogs to their fate. After the muezzin has called the faithful to evening prayer bid the mutes remove the dead and cast them over the outer wall. To those who survive, if any there be, you will cause to be read a technical story of the game written by one of the ladies of the harem. Death will speedily ensue."

"His elevated calmness has spoken, and his will is a law unto his servants, of whom Giafar is the least. Allah be praised!" said the grand vizier, moving from the caliph's presence with another series of graceful salaams.

"Public executioners may come and go," soliloquized the caliph, "but a good government club will never be needed in Bagdad while my thinking apparatus clings to its trolley. Allah is great, and Mohammed is his prophet, but I cannot refrain from remarking incidentally that Haroun-al-Raschid, caliph of Bagdad, is considerable of a peach himself."—*New York World*.

A CLERGYMAN in England, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of thirty thousand Englishmen living without Christian burial." Still more curious was another clerical slip. A gentleman said to a minister: "When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?" "Never!" said the reverend gentleman, solemnly; "the Deacon is in Heaven."—*The Presbyterian Observer*.



Pabst Malt Extract . . .

There is substance to it;
It is vivifying, life producing;
Gives vim and bounce—
It braces.

The "BEST" Tonic

THE HISTORY OF BREWING

BEGINS WITH EGYPT



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PLAIN OR ORNAMENTAL.
THICK OR THIN. OF FINEST WOODS.
Can be laid over old or new floors.
Write for New Design Book.

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Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. L.E. Marsh Co. 2815 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

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There is just something which makes one cigar better than another; we have that something.

Part of this knowledge is our secret, part we tell you in our booklet which is free for the asking, and will convince you quickly.

We will mail 12 sample cigars for \$1.00.
It will profit you to look

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CHAMPAGNE.
PRODUCED BY THE FRENCH OR NATURAL
PROCESS OF FERMENTATION IN BOTTLE,
EQUAL IN QUALITY AND CHEAPER THAN IMPORTED.
HIGHEST AWARD AT COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.
If you cannot get it of your dealer,
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Ladies' Tailor,
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ESTD. 1881. 36TH STREET.

has reopened his
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Having sold at auction previous to the rebuilding of the premises all the materials, etc., on hand, Mr. K. has imported an entire new stock and the latest models for the coming season. Ladies will also find our prices very much reduced.

MR. JACQUES KRAKAUER
will again give personal attention to every order entrusted to him, and guarantees perfect satisfaction.

Boston Trousers Stretcher & Hanger

Your Trousers!!—
Every pair when not in use,
Should n your closet hang.
And if each leg, so nicely pressed,
You'd keep creased true—
As though 'twas new.
Then for each pair of Trousers, you—
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GEORGE FROST CO.
551 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.



HE looked a bit hard up but he had a pleasant face and smooth address as he walked into the office of a New York railroad running West and asked for the president. When conducted to that official's desk he began:

"I want the favor of a pass to Buffalo."

"Can't have it," was the prompt reply.

"I expected that answer, and am prepared for it. I did not come here with a tale of woe. I have not been robbed."

"No?"

"Not a rob. I did not lose money on the street. I am not obliged to rush home to see my wife die. I am not a consumptive who is anxious to get home and die among friends. These pleas are old."

"Yes, very old and thin."

"And yet I want a pass to Buffalo. I feel that I have a right to ask it."

"On what grounds?"

"This morning I saved the life of a passenger on one of your transfer boats. He was a big red-whiskered man named Clark. Had he gone overboard it would have cost you perhaps \$50,000 to settle the claim."

"Clark? Big man with red whiskers? Wretched man, you know not what you did! That is the man who has already got a claim for \$20,000 against us for breaking his leg. If you had only let him go overboard we could have settled with his heirs for less than a quarter of that amount. Go out—go away. You have taken thousands of dollars out of our pockets by your meddlesome act. Go right away if you don't want to be put in the cell with Garvey."

The beat walked out without a word, but as he reached the door he was heard to grumble:

"I thought I was the best liar on the Atlantic coast, but I might as well hang up from this deal. I'm not in it with Chauncey."—*Texas Siftings*.

It is not quite safe to criticise Americans in the "higher circles" of British society, unless the critic has studied thoroughly the pedigree of those whom he addresses. So many American girls nowadays are becoming a part of the "effete" aristocracy of the Old World!

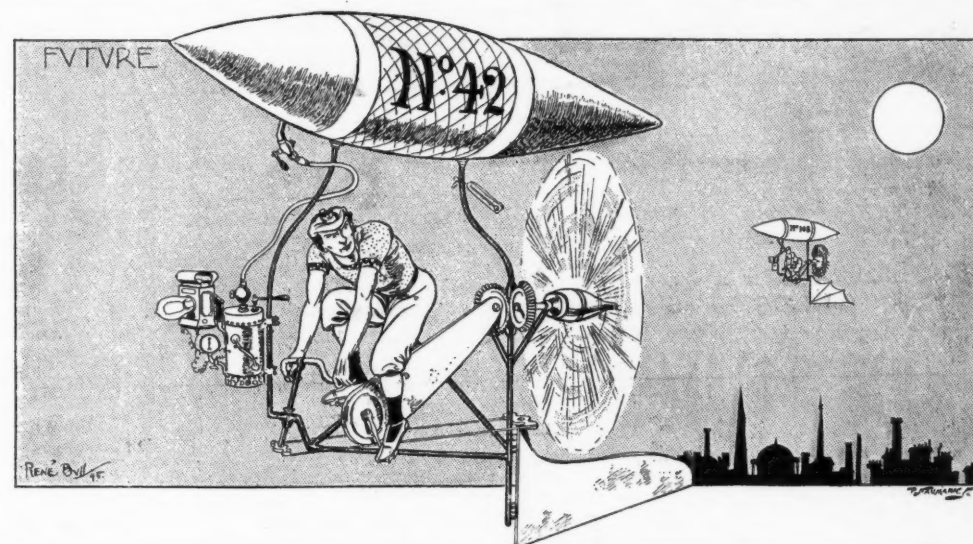
Not long ago, at a reception given in Rome at the British Embassy, an Italian baron, who was presented to the Duchess of Manchester, sighed deeply, as with relief, and said to her:

"Ah! How glad I am to get away from those Americans there! We come across them everywhere, don't we, duchess? You can't imagine how happy I am to converse with you—there is such a contrast between the manners of English and American women!"

The duchess let him go on as long as he liked in this way, and then said, with a gracious smile:

"Perhaps you are right, baron; but being myself an American, I am no doubt incapable of judging."

The baron wished that the floor would swallow him up, and reflected that he should have known, as every one else did, that the Duchess of Manchester was a New Yorker.—*Youth's Companion*.



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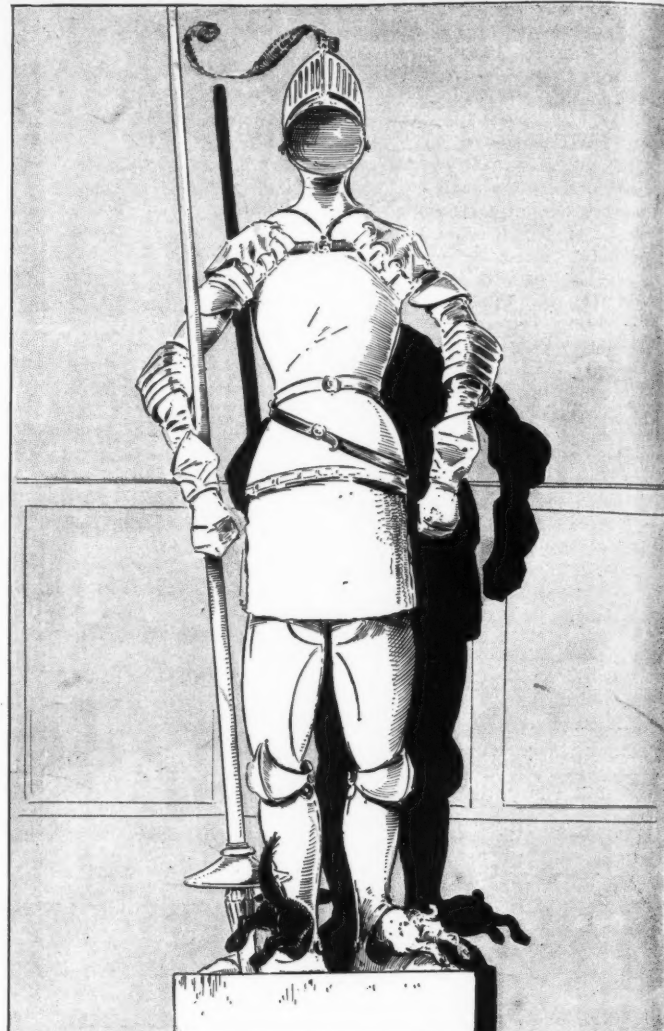
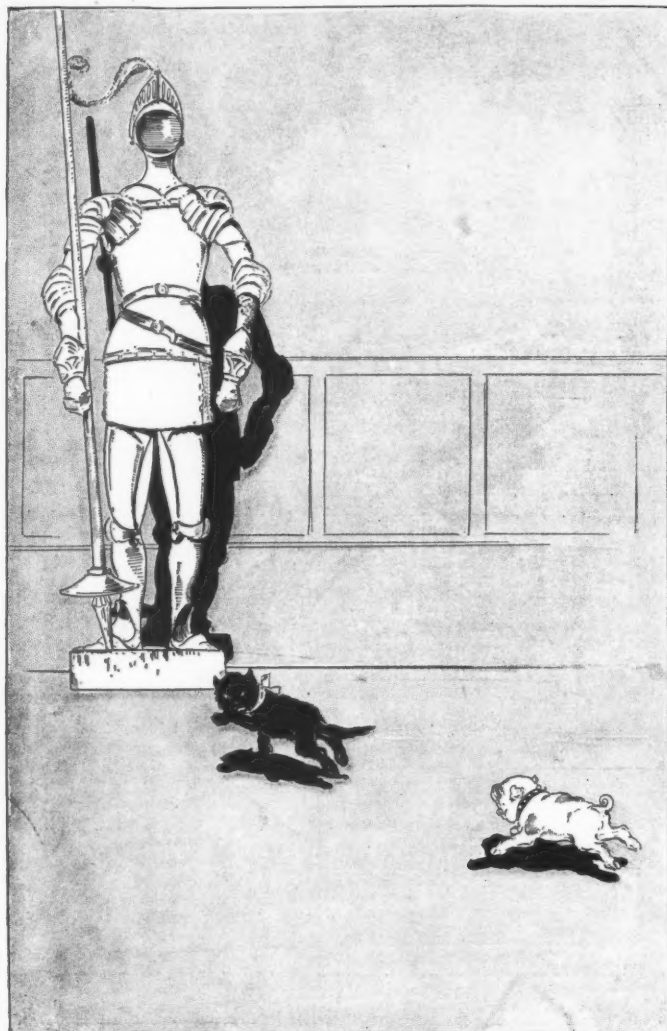
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everywhere find a
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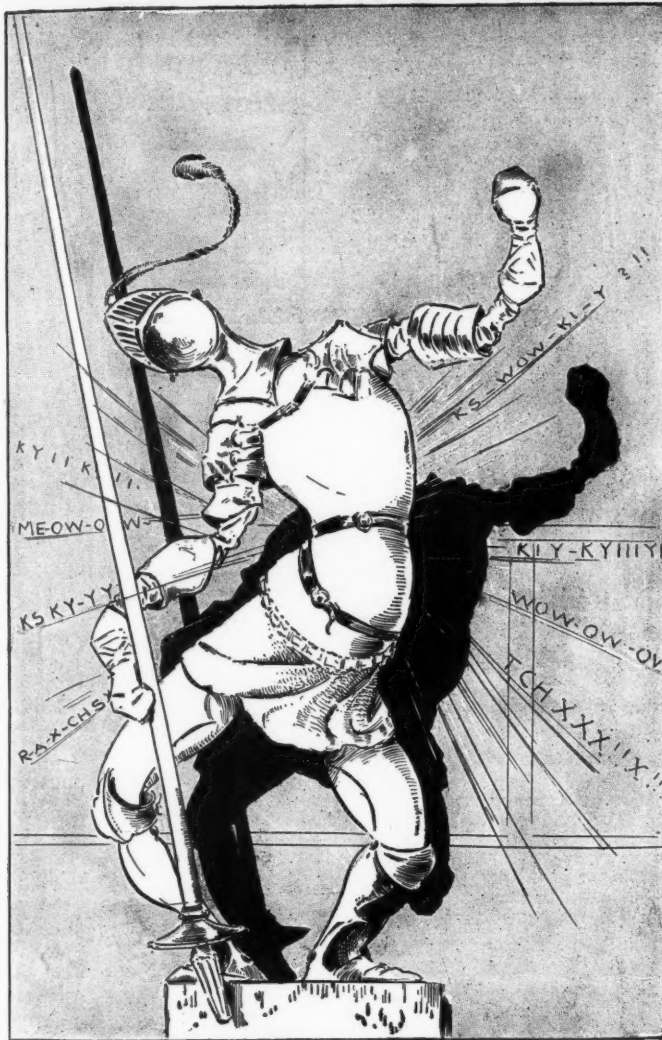
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are ridden by the better class of bicyclists, people who are either well posted on wheel affairs or were prompted by the world-wide popularity of the RAMBLER, and the sterling worth of its guarantee, to pay the price...

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has to deal with. But it stops it immediately. Big pains—little pains—it stops all of them.

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THE BRANDRETH CO., 274 Canal St., New York.



A Tonic,
A Food,
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Stimulant

That's what

Evans' Ale
is.

An absolutely pure, hygienic and nutritious extract of

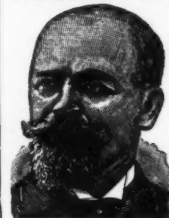
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No sediment whatever.



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The Perfection of Chewing Gum
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Send 5c. for sample package.
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